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PREFACE.

A YEAR or two ago, in the bright spring-time, when all the world was gay with blossoms and butterflies, I happened to call upon a lady I know who was living at Richmond. I had scarcely spoken to my friend when her little boy came running into the drawing-room, and after kissing me and welcoming me very prettily, announced that it was Nelly's birthday. Nelly was his sister—the only girl; and my little friend then talking to me was the only boy.

"This is Nelly's birthday," said Guy; "she is nine years old to-day, so she is two years older than I am."

"I wish I had known it was her birthday," said I; "I would have brought her a box of bon-bons. But I should like to see Nelly, and wish her 'many happy returns of the day.'"

"I'm sorry to say she isn't very happy just now," said Guy.

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Because Uncle George gave her a beautiful desk, fitted up in the most lovely way, with stamped paper and everything; and mamma told her she must at once write him a letter thanking him for it; and she is doing it now," said Guy, "and crying. She says she doesn't know what to say."

On hearing this I begged permission to go and help Nelly,

and she soon finished her note. But I was so sorry to see the little girl in tears on her birthday, when everything around her seemed full of happiness,—the sun shining, the birds singing, and all her friends sending her presents and good wishes,—that I thought I should like to write a book that might be a help to little writers : and here it is.

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THE CHILD'S LETTER WRITER.

A little Girl's first letter to her little Brother.

Nursery,
January 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am very glad that I can write to you, and I hope you will like my letter. Nurse has not helped me a bit, and I do want you to be surprised at my writing. I shall expect an answer to this as soon as you have done your lessons in the schoolroom. I must leave off now, for my hand is tired.

Your loving little Sister,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Schoolroom,
January 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR ANNIE,—I was, indeed, surprised at your little letter. What a good girl you must have been to learn to write so nicely; I think Nurse must have taken great pains to teach you. I showed your letter to Miss Grant, and she said she thought that you would soon write as well as Lucy; and, you know, she writes a better hand than any of us in the schoolroom. Pray write a letter to mamma, I am sure she will be very much pleased to receive it. I am coming

up to the Nursery, presently, and we will talk about it, and then have a good game with the toys.

Your loving brother
(————).

From a little Girl, confined to the Nursery with a cold, to her Sister.

Nursery,
4 o'clock, Tuesday.

MY DEAR LUCY,—As I am not allowed to come downstairs because of my cold, do ask Miss Grant if she will be so kind as to allow you to come up to the Nursery and have tea with me.

Your loving little sister,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Schoolroom,
January 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR ANNIE,—I am very sorry your cold is so bad, but I daresay it will be quite well in a day or two if you do as Nurse tells you, and keep warm in the Nursery. I have asked Miss Grant to allow me to come upstairs and have tea with you; and she says that I may do so; therefore, my dear little sister, you may expect to see me almost as soon as you receive this letter. I hope to meet all your doll-children at tea, and trust that they will behave well.

Your loving sister,
(————).

— —

First letter of a little Girl to her Mamma.

Nursery,
January 19th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I hope that you will be pleased at having a letter from me. And are you not surprised that Nurse has been able to teach me without any one knowing anything about it. It has been a grand secret between us. I have tried very hard, though I am afraid I have been very stupid sometimes, but dear Nanna has been so patient with me, that I have got on at last. I hope, dear mamma, that you will be able to read this letter. I am so anxious that you should be pleased with me.

I shall write you another letter soon, and I hope I shal write that better.

Your loving little child,
(————).

From a little Boy to his Grandmamma.

Kensington Square,
February 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—I think you would like to have a letter from me, and I know I am very glad to be able to write one to you. It is so wet that I cannot come to see you as I hoped to do to-day. I am very sorry that I cannot come, dear grandmamma, for I do so like paying you a visit; it is so nice to sit beside you and look at your pretty books, and listen to the delightful stories you so often tell me.

I hope we shall have better weather soon, and that then you will let me come and see you, as I could not come to-day.

I am, my dear grandmamma,
Your loving grandson,
(————).

A little Boy's first letter to his Mamma from School.

Blenheim House,
March 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I am sure you wish to know how I like school; and I write, as I promised, as soon as possible. I am quite well and happy, though, of course, school is different to home. The masters are very kind, and the other boys are nice fellows. We have a capital playground and lots of fun in it.

I am learning a great many things—writing, grammar, history, and geography, besides French and Latin. I am looking forward to the end of the term, when I shall see you again. Give my best love to papa and all at home, and with my best love to you, my dear mamma,

Ever your affectionate son,
(————).

A little Boy's first letter from School to his Sister.

Horton House,
June 10th, 18—.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You asked me to write to you as soon as I had time, after I came to school; therefore, I do so now. This is a very hot day, and Dr. Graham has forbidden the boys to run about and so get heated in the playground; therefore, we are all amusing ourselves quietly, some reading, others writing, or drawing. I thought this a good opportunity to write to you, my dear little sister, and tell you how I like school. Well, then, I like it very much on the whole. There are a great many boys here, and most of them are good fellows. We all get on very well together, and have splendid games at cricket and football.

I work hard at my lessons, as I wish very much to please father when the end of the term comes. How glad I shall

be when it does come, and I shall see you all at home again? But do not fancy that I am not happy, for I am. I really find school life very pleasant in many ways.

Pray write to me soon, and tell me all the news, and do not forget to tell me about the pets. Does Snap miss me? and who exercises Dobbin?

With best love to all,
Your affectionate brother,
(———).

Answer to the above.

Hartingstone,
June 19th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRED,—How very glad I was to receive your letter, and I cannot tell you how pleased we all are to know that you like your school so much. I am sure you will be delighted to receive a piece of good news that I have to tell you; it is that papa is thinking of driving over, with mamma and me, to pay you a visit. How nice it will be! I am longing for the day to come. It will probably be next Wednesday when, as you have a half-holiday, you will be able to devote the afternoon to us.

Snap is quite well, but certainly misses you dreadfully, as we all do, dear Fred. Fancy, mamma says that if papa does not mind I may bring Snap with me to see you on Wednesday!

Dobbin is well and very fresh. I often ride him to keep him exercised.

Good-bye, my dear brother, until Wednesday,
All join in best love,
Your most affectionate sister,
(———).

From a little Girl to her Governess during Holidays.

Holywell,
August 10th, 18—.

DEAR MISS OWEN,—You said very kindly that you would like to hear from me during the holidays. I am sure you will be glad to know that I am enjoying them very much indeed. The country about here is beautiful, and I cannot tell you how delightful it seems to be surrounded with green fields and open country after hot, dusty London.

We have a nice garden with numbers of sweet flowers in it, and a large and very good tennis-court. I wish you were here that you might join in a game with us, as you have told me that you play. I hope you are enjoying your holidays as much as we are enjoying ours. Nelly joins in love to you.

I remain, dear Miss Owen,
Your affectionate pupil,
(————).

From a little Girl to a married Sister.

Elm Dene,
May 14th, 18—.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,—I wonder if you are as anxious to hear from us as we are to hear from you. But I am sure you are, my dear sister, for you promised me that although your home would no longer be ours, that we should always be as dear to you as before you married.

Of course I knew that would be so about papa and mamma, but I have sometimes felt afraid that your little sister might not be loved quite as much as when you saw her every day, and so were always being reminded of her. However, I daresay I was a silly little girl to think so, and

at all events I have made up my mind to write to you very often, so that you will not be likely to forget me.

We miss you very very much, but we are all looking forward to the time, now only a few weeks distant, when you and George will come and stay with us. Mamma says that the grass will all be cut then, and we shall be hay-making! I hope you will enjoy a game in the hay field as much as you did last year. Do you remember what fun we had?

The garden is looking so pretty now, and the birds are singing beautifully. I hope you will be pleased with your own little garden, which you left in my care. I have tried to attend to it well, and I do not think it ever looked prettier.

Mamma and papa send their best love to you and George, and with mine,

I remain, my dear Blanche,
Your loving little sister,
(————).

From a little Girl inviting another to a Party.

Brunswick Gardens,
January 5th, 18—.

DEAR LAURA,—We are going to have a party of little friends on Friday evening, and mamma desires me to say that she will be very happy to see you.

We shall expect you at six o'clock.

I remain, dear Laura,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

Answer, accepting (1).

Elm Park Terrace,
Jany. 6th, 18—.

DEAR VIOLET,—Mamma desires me to say that she has great pleasure in allowing me to accept your kind invitation for Friday evening next.

I remain, dear Violet,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

———

Answer, accepting (2).

Bedford Terrace,
January 6th, 18—.

DEAR VIOLET,—I shall be most happy to join your party on Friday evening next. Mamma desires me to say that she has much pleasure in allowing me to accept your kind invitation.

Believe me, dear Violet,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

———

Answer to the foregoing, declining (1).

Phillimore Gardens,
January 6th, 18—.

DEAR VIOLET,—I am sorry to say that I have already an engagement for Friday evening, so that I am obliged to refuse your kind invitation.

Believe me, dear Violet,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

Answer to the foregoing, declining (2).

Kensington Square,
January 6th.

DEAR VIOLET,—I am obliged to refuse your kind invitation for Friday next, as I have a bad cold, and mamma will not allow me to go out in the evening, until it is quite well.

Believe me,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Grandpapa.

Hyde Park Square,
May 11th, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANDPAPA,—I write to thank you very much for so kindly asking me to stay with you and dear grandmamma. I am glad to say that mamma wishes me to tell you that she will be delighted to spare me to you for a week or two, and she says that she is sure the change to the country will do me much good. I am quite sure of it, too, and very certain that I shall enjoy my visit to you very much. How delightful the garden must look now! By the time I come grandmamma will have the drawing-room full of roses. I wonder if you will allow me to have a little garden of my own to work in, as you did last year? I did so like it!

Pray give my best love to grandmamma and accept the same yourself, my dear grandpapa, and believe me

Your most affectionate grandchild,
(————).

From a little Boy who has been naughty.

Schoolroom,
Thursday.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—I am very sorry that I behaved so ill to-day. I hope you will forgive me. I will try to be a better boy, and never disobey you or answer rudely again. I am feeling very unhappy, and am longing to see you. Pray allow me to come into the drawing-room to say good-night to you and papa.

I remain, my dear mamma,
Your loving son,
(————).

From a little Girl who has been naughty.

Nursery,
Saturday.

MY DEAR PAPA,—Pray forgive me for being so naughty as to touch your inkstand and upset the ink over your papers. I am, indeed, very sorry, and will take care never to do anything of the kind again. May I come down to your study, and ask you to kiss me and forgive me?

I am, my dear papa,
Your affectionate little daughter,
(————).

From a little Boy to his Papa, who has been ill.

Fordley,
September 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I was so very unhappy when Uncle Charlie told me how ill you were. I should have written to you directly I knew of your illness, but Uncle Charlie told

me that mamma said in her letter to him that you were too unwell to read any letters. How glad I am now that you are better. I trust it will not trouble you to read this, dear papa, and that you will soon allow me to come home again, so that I may have the pleasure of seeing you.

With best love to mamma and yourself,

Ever, my dear papa,

Your very loving little son,

(————).

From a little Girl to her Brother, who has been ill at school.

Oakton,
October 14th, 18—.

MY DEAR ARTIE,—I am so sorry that you have been ill, and how much worse it must have been for you to have been in pain and sickness away from us all. How you must have longed for mamma to nurse you!

We are anxiously looking forward to your return from school, and although I hope you will be almost well then, you must be prepared for a great deal of petting and waiting on. I intend to be quite a little nurse to you all the Christmas holidays.

With best love from us all,

Ever, dear Artie,

Your loving sister,

(————).

Answer to the foregoing.

Bangor House,
October 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR LILY,—How very glad I was to get your nice kind little letter; when I received it I was already beginning to feel much better, and I really think that dear little

letter of yours gave me the finishing touch and made me quite well at once, for I am now anything but an invalid.

It was, indeed, dreadful at first, when I was feeling so ill, to know that I was far away from dear mamma, and that strangers only were nursing me; but I knew that it could not be helped, and so I determined to be as brave as possible, and take my nasty medicine from the matron's hand instead of from dear mamma's, as she could not be here to give it to me.

Every one has been very kind indeed to me! Our doctor is a nice old man, who cheered me up when I felt weak and low with amusing stories. Then, too, as soon as I was well enough, the other boys used to come and sit with me, and they quite surprised me by showing how gentle and kind rough schoolboys can be. They are, indeed, all good fellows!

Now I am counting the days till the Christmas holidays. I *shall* be glad to be at home once more, but you must not fancy, my dear little sister, that I shall want nursing, for I am quite sure that by the time I get home I shall be as strong as I have ever been.

Best love to dear papa, mamma, and all of you, my dear little sisters.

Your loving brother,
(————).

From a little Girl asking another to tea.

Kensington Gardens Square,
September 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR EVA,—Mamma has given me leave to ask you to come and have tea with me this afternoon. I hope you will be able to come, and as early as possible, so that we may have a good game before tea, which is to be at five o'clock.

I have a new doll to show you, and several other things which I think you have not yet seen.

I am, my dear Eva,
Your affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer to the above, accepting.

Porchester Terrace,
September 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR SYBIL,—I shall be delighted to come and have tea with you this afternoon, as mamma says I may do so. I am looking forward to making the acquaintance of your new doll.

I am, my dear Sybil,
Your affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer to the above, declining.

Princes Square,
September 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR SYBIL,—I am sorry to say that mamma will not allow me to accept your kind invitation to tea for this afternoon, as I have a bad cold. I need not tell you that this is a great disappointment to me. Papa made me a present yesterday of a delightful new book full of fairy tales. As soon as I have finished it I shall be very glad to lend it to you.

I am, my dear Sybil,
Your loving friend,
(————).

From a little Girl, who is abroad, to her Brother.

Boulogne,
August 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—I am sure you are anxiously expecting a letter from me, for you guess I must have a great deal to tell you. Indeed, I have so much to say that I scarcely know how to begin.

You remember my running back into the hall to give mamma and you another kiss, and auntie calling to me to make haste and jump into the cab, or we should be too late? Well, I think I had better begin from there, and give you an account of our journey.

We rattled through the streets very fast, for auntie was so afraid we should not catch our train. We jolted so, every now and then, that auntie's maid, Hammond, jumped up and down like an indiarubber ball as she sat opposite to me, and I felt as if I was doing the same.

We arrived at Charing Cross Station in very good time, and I walked about with auntie in front of the bookstalls—where Uncle Frank was to meet us, you know—while Hammond remained with the boxes. We often looked up at the large clock which is attached to the wall of the hotel, and the face of which one can see at a long distance off. The train was to start at five minutes past twelve, and auntie began to get rather anxious when we saw it only wanted ten minutes to the time; but just then who should come behind us, giving my hair a little pull, but dear funny Uncle Frank; so then off we went to the platform, and were soon comfortably settled in the train, and away we went racing off to Folkestone. It seemed to me that I had never been in a train that went so fast before.

We had a delightful picnic lunch in the railway carriage, and I enjoyed that part of our journey very much. We reached Folkestone at about half-past two, and went on board the steamer almost directly.

Poor Hammond was so ill directly we got out to sea that she disappeared downstairs and went to lie down in the cabin, but I am glad to say that auntie and Uncle Frank and I were quite well all the time. Everybody said that we had a very smooth passage, so I must not boast that I am a good sailor; however, I really enjoyed crossing.

We reached Boulogne at about half-past four, and landed in safety. I have not seen much of the town yet, but I am delighted with everything I see, it is all so new and strange, and it is so funny to hear the little children talking French in the street. I only wish that dear papa and mamma and you were here.

I hope you will soon answer this letter.

Give my best love to mamma and papa, and with the same to yourself,

I am, my dear Willie,

Your loving sister,

(————).

Answer to the foregoing.

Hyde Park Terrace,
August 18th, 18—.

MY DEAR AMY,—I was delighted to get your letter. It was so nice of you to tell me all about your journey; and how lucky it was that you were not sea-sick, or auntie, or Uncle Frank. I wish I could have been on board the steamer with you; I do not believe I should have been in the least ill, and it would have seemed delightful to go bounding over the waves out of sight of the land.

I wonder if you will be able to speak French when you come back; you really ought to learn it now that you hear it spoken by everybody round you, even by the little children, as you say. I must try hard and get on with my

French at school, so that I may be able to understand my foreign relation when she returns home.

I hope, dear Amy, that you will come back soon, for I miss you very much, and find my playtime very dull without you to join in my games. Some of our friends have been very kind in asking me to spend the half-holidays with them while you are away, otherwise I should miss you more even than I am now likely to do. However, in spite of this, it would be impossible for any one to be more warmly welcomed home than you will be by us all. Papa and mamma send their best love to you, auntie, and Uncle Frank, and with the same from myself,

I remain, my dear Amy,
Your affectionate brother,
(——).

From a little Girl to a Friend, asking her to spend a few days with her.

Burnside House,
June 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR IDA,—Mamma has given me leave to write and ask you to spend a few days with us in the country. Pray beg your mamma to allow you to come. It will be such a great pleasure to me to have you here, and I feel sure that you would enjoy your visit. The country is perfectly lovely just now, and the garden is so gay and bright with beautiful flowers. We have a delightful swing put up under the shade of a large tree, and I can promise you some lawn tennis. There is a stream running at the foot of a hill very near to us, where papa often takes us to fish, so if you care for the sport you can have plenty of it.

I have not told you of all the pets I have to introduce to you. First there is my dear little dog Gip, he is such a pretty little fellow—a Skye, with lovely silky hair—and the

most affectionate little dog possible. Then there is Cherry, my canary, who sings delightfully, and eats out of my hand. Then there are five rabbits, I have three of my own, and the other two belong to my brother.

You shall have half my garden to work in, and shall consider the pets your own while you are here, if you will only come, my dear Ida. How anxiously I shall expect an answer to this letter, so pray write at once to say what train you will come down by.

Mamma desires me to say, with her kind regards to your mamma, that she will take the greatest care of you during your stay here, and that she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you.

I am, my dear Ida,
Your loving friend,
(———).

Answer to the foregoing (1) (*accepting*).

Bedford Gardens, Kensington,
June 16th, 18—.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,—Thank you so much for your kind invitation to spend a few days with you. I am delighted, for mamma desires me to say that she has great pleasure in allowing me to accept it, and, with her kind regards to your mamma, thanks her very much for her promise of taking care of me. It is most fortunate that our governess has just given me a week's holiday, so that if next Monday will be convenient to send to the station for me, I shall come to you on that day.

I am looking forward to the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the pets, and to the garden, swing, tennis, and fishing, and last, though not least, to seeing you again, my dear Blanche, and spending a few happy days with you in your country home.

I am to leave Charing Cross by the 4.25 train on Monday next.

With much love,
I remain your affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer to the foregoing (2) (*declining*).

Bedford Gardens, Kensington,
June 16th, 18—.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,—I am very sorry to say that I am obliged to refuse your kind invitation to stay with you for a few days. Mamma, who has not been very well, lately, is going to stay in the Isle of Wight for the next week or two, and intends to take me with her. She sends her kind regards to your mamma and thanks her for inviting me.

I am indeed very sorry that I shall not be able to make the acquaintance of the pets, or enjoy with you all the pleasant things you mention; but I trust, dear Blanche, that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing you, as I hope you will ere long come and pay us a visit.

I am, with much love,
Your affectionate friend,
(————).

From a little Boy who has been out hunting for the first time, to his Sister.

Heatherton, Hants,
January 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR MILLY,—I can fancy how anxiously you are looking out for a letter from me describing my first day's hunting. This took place yesterday, and I must do my best to tell you about it. Well, papa and I were both splendidly mounted, you must know; Uncle John made father take his

favourite hunter, Tip-Top, and Teddy lent me his pony, Bluebell, who is a little larger than our Davey, and a famous jumper. The meet was held close by, at Mannerton Hall, a place only about two miles from Uncle John's. Father and I jogged along side by side to covert, and soon found ourselves among the redcoats, and the hounds. We had scarcely joined the meet, however, before we heard a cry of "gone away," and away *we* went I can tell you. "Forward, forward," I heard somebody cry close to me, and I think Tip-Top got his own way for a little bit, for father flew off, away from me and Bluebell, at a tremendous pace, and although we did our best, he was a field ahead of me in no time. Still, it was wonderful what the pony did, creeping through hedges, running up banks, and then leaping cleverly over the ditches; making her way where anyone would think it impossible she could go.

I did get a spill, but it was my own fault, and Bluebell waited for me to get up again. I kept the hounds well in sight, though I was not as near them as I could have wished; however, luckily, for me, the fox doubled, and away the whole field came tearing again, right in my way, father with them; you may be sure I lost no time in getting near him, and I was well up in front at the death.

I haven't told you half of what happened. You have no idea of the excited state every one gets into out hunting. Fancy the pack—fifty hounds—streaming along, and the red-coats flying after them, on a fresh, clear morning, like it was yesterday, and every one trying to be first. I brought the brush back with me, and shall hang it up over the schoolroom mantelpiece at home.

Father says I shall go out with the hounds again before we return home, and Uncle John was very kind to me, and said that none of his own boys could have ridden better, and you know they have been accustomed to hunting ever since they could sit on a pony's back.

Give my best love to mamma, and tell her how much I am enjoying my visit here, but how glad I shall be to see her again. Father is writing to her, I know.

I am, with best love to yourself,

My dear Milly,

Your most affectionate brother,

(————).

Answer to the above.

Cleveland Square,
January 24th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAURICE,—Your account of your day's hunting delighted both mamma and me. How I wish I could have been there, too, but I do not think I should have liked to have seen the poor fox killed. What a nice pony Bluebell must be. I have not seen it. I suppose it is a new one since I stayed at Heatherton.

Davey is very well; I ride him nearly every morning when mamma and I go into the Row. I have just got a new habit, it is a brown one.

Mamma sends you her best love. She is now writing to papa. Give him my best love and with the same to yourself,

Believe me, my dear Maurice,

Your loving sister,

(————).

From a little Girl to a Friend, asking her to come and play with her doll's house.

Hyde Park Gate, Kensington,
February 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR MAUD,—My grandmamma has just given me a beautiful present of a doll's house. And I am most anxious that you should come and play with it. It is

really, lovely! Do beg of your mamma to let you come and spend this afternoon here. We could have a delightful game together, and we would thoroughly explore the doll's house. Fancy! it has a staircase, a hall, kitchen, dining-room, drawing-room, and nurseries! Every room is furnished most tastefully, and there are dolls of all ages to inhabit the house. I shall expect you, dear Maud, directly after dinner.

Your loving friend,
(————).

Answer to the above (accepting).

9, Albert Mansions,
February 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR JOAN,—Mamma has given me leave to come and spend this afternoon with you, I am glad to say. I am eagerly looking forward to seeing the doll's house. From your description it must, indeed, be a beautiful one.

I shall be with you almost as soon as you receive this note.

Ever, dear Joan,
Your loving friend,
(————).

Answer (declining)

9, Albert Mansions,
February 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR JOAN,—I am very sorry to say that I cannot come and spend this afternoon with you, as you so kindly ask me. My French governess is coming at three, and she remains with me until half-past five.

It is a great disappointment to me not to be able to see the doll's house, which, from your description, must be really

magnificent. However, I trust that it will not be very long before I have the pleasure of seeing it.

I remain,
My dear Joan,
Your loving friend,
(———).

From a little Boy staying in the country, to his Mamma.

Morley, Berkshire,
May 19th.

MY DEAR MAMMA,—You told me to write to you as soon as I arrived here, to let you know that I was safe and happy. I am indeed both, though, of course, I should be happier still if you and Maggie were here. The guard came to look at me several times on the journey, and I found Uncle Gilbert waiting in his dogcart for me at the station when I arrived. It was such a delightful drive from Bentley to the house! All the trees are so full of blossom, and the birds were singing, and there was such a delicious country smell everywhere as we drove along. Then, when we got to Morley, we found Aunt Carry, and Cuthbert and Mary, all standing on the steps, with the dogs, to welcome us. It was so nice to have a scamper round the garden; then I had a swing, fed the rabbits, went to look at the new pigeons, and then I had to come in to write this so as to catch the post. I cannot write any more to day, but will soon send you a long letter.

All send you best love from here, and with very much from myself to you, papa, and Maggie,

Ever my dear mamma,
Your most affectionate little son,
(———).

From a little Girl thanking her Aunt for the present of a Canary.

Brunswick Gardens, Kensington,
June 14th, 18—.

MY DEAR AUNT MARY,—Thank you so much for the beautiful little canary you have so kindly sent me. I am delighted with him. He is so tame, and so pretty—the deepest yellow I think I ever saw in a canary, and he sings most sweetly.

You may be sure I shall take the greatest care of him. I shall clean his cage, and give him fresh seed and water every day. And, as you told me, never forget to give him a bath.

I hope Ruby—as I intend to name him—will soon know me and perhaps eat out of my hand. I remember hearing you say that you once had a canary that would perch on your shoulder and sing. How glad I should be if I thought Ruby would ever do that!

I remain,
My dear Aunt Mary,
Your loving niece,
(————).

From a little Boy to a Friend asking him to spend a few days with him.

Bhirley, Kent,
January 8th, 18—.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Father has given me leave to ask you to spend a few days with us: I hope you will be able to come. Robert and I will not be your only companions, for my Uncle Henry is staying here with my two cousins, Jack and Walter. I am sorry to say that mother and Katie are in town staying with grandmamma for a week or two, but

father wishes you to tell Mrs. Burton that he will take every care of you.

We have splendid skating on the long pond; the ice is wonderfully smooth and good there this year; and for the last week we have skated nearly all day. If a thaw should come we have the ponies, and can take capital rides about the neighbourhood, falling in with the hounds sometimes even, and enjoying a really good run.

I shall expect a letter very soon, telling me what train you will come down by.

I remain, dear George,
Yours sincerely,
(————).

Answer to the above (1) (*accepting.*)

Princes Square, Bayswater,
January 9th.

MY DEAR HARRY,—Thank you very much for your kind invitation, which I have much pleasure in accepting, as my mother gives me leave to do so.

I shall be at Netley Station at a quarter to four on Monday afternoon, as I leave London by the 1.50 train from Victoria. I trust that the thaw will not come until after my visit to you, at any rate, for I am eagerly looking forward to a few days' skating on that famous long pond of yours which I remember so well.

Pray thank your father for me, for kindly giving you leave to invite me, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,
(————).

Answer (2) *declining.*

Princes Square, Bayswater,
January 9th, 18—.

MY DEAR HARRY,—I am very sorry to be obliged to refuse your kind invitation, but we are going to have some friends to stay with us for some weeks, and as they are coming to us on Monday next, and two boys are to be of the party, I shall not be able to leave home.

I am sure the skating on the long pond is capital, and I am very disappointed to think that I shall not be able to join you on it.

I remain,
Dear Harry,
Yours sincerely,
(——— ———).

From a little Girl to her Mamma in India.

Rutland Gate,
Hyde Park, S.W.,
February 20th, 18—.

MY DARLING MAMMA,—It is only a week since you said good-bye to me, yet it seems a long time, and I am counting the months and weeks that must pass before you come back to me. Not that I am unhappy, because dear Aunt Matty and Uncle Joe are much too kind for me to be unhappy, unless I was a very ungrateful little girl; still, I cannot help longing to see you again. The next best thing to seeing you, is getting your letters; I was so delighted to have the one written on board ship, that you sent back by the pilot. I hope I shall soon have another, dear mamma.

After taking you to the station and seeing you off, Aunt Matty was so kind; I could not help crying a little, but it seemed to make her so sad, that I was obliged to cheer up,

and then she talked to me so pleasantly of your return home, that it seemed quite near, and my tears were dried up. Presently I felt the carriage stop, and when I looked out of the window I found we were standing in front of a splendid toy-shop, filled with the most beautiful things you can fancy. Little Lily gave a shout of delight, and I very nearly did so too. Well, we got out of the carriage, and went into the shop, and then Aunt Matty let me choose from among all the toys what I should like best. And I chose a beautiful wax-doll lying in a bassinette (all trimmed up with pink and lace and muslin, just like a real one). The doll had dear little baby-clothes on, just like a sweet little real baby, and little, short, soft, fluffy hair that looked as if it grew out of its head. The clothes all take off and on. You cannot think what a dear dolly it is. I mean to take the greatest care of her, and hope that she will look just as lovely as she does now when you come home again, for I am most anxious to show her to you. I am very busy at work, making her a second set of clothes. The work-box you gave me just before you left, is most useful to me, mamma dear.

Aunt Matty will enclose this letter in hers. Give my best love to dear papa, and with the same to you, and many kisses, darling mamma,

Ever your loving little daughter,

(————).

From a little Boy to a Friend, asking him to lend him a book.

Kensington Gardens Square,
Bayswater, W.,
March 6th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have a bad cold and am not allowed to go out. It is a half-holiday, and I shall be so

much obliged to you if you could lend me a book to read this afternoon. I am very fond of tales of adventure.

I am yours, sincerely,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Clanricarde Gardens,
Bayswater, W.,
March 6th.

DEAR JACK,—I am sorry you have a cold. It is horrid to have to stay in on a half-holiday. I send you a book that I think you will like. It is very amusing, and has plenty of adventures in it. If I can I will come and see you this afternoon.

Yours sincerely,
(————).

From a little Boy asking his Papa to let him learn to swim.

Sussex Square,
Kemp Town, Brighton,
April 28th, 18—.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I hope you will not mind my writing to ask you to let me learn to swim. I am very anxious to do so, and I think this would be such a good opportunity, as both my cousins, Tom and Arthur, are learning. They go down to Brill's Baths, every morning nearly, and are getting on splendidly.

I shall be so anxious to have your answer to this, and I trust you will give me leave to learn.

With best love to mamma and yourself,
I am, my dear papa,
Your affectionate son,
(————).

From a little Boy to a Friend, asking him to come and play cricket.

Stonegate, Penstone, Kent,
June 5th, 18—.

DEAR GERALD,—We are going to play a match at Penstone—the gentlemen against the town boys—on the 10th inst. Will you join us? I hope you will, for you will certainly be one of the best bowlers in our eleven. And I know well what a good batter you are too.

Last year we had a capital match with the same players, and we beat them by about twenty runs. If you will come over to lunch, you can drive into Penstone with us.

Yours sincerely,
(———).

Answer (1) *accepting.*

Greenleaf, Chiddinghurst, Kent,
June 5th, 18—.

DEAR ERIC,—I shall be very glad to make one of your eleven in the cricket-match on the 10th. I will practise my bowling until then, so that I may do you credit.

I will be sure to ride over in time for luncheon on the day of the match, so that I may go to the ground with you, as you propose.

Yours sincerely,
(———).

Answer (2) *declining.*

Greenleaf, Chiddinghurst, Kent,
June 6th, 18—.

DEAR ERIC,—I am sorry that I shall not be able to play in the match on the 10th inst. I unluckily slipped down

the other day when I was in the hay-field, and stupidly managed to sprain my ankle. I am not able to walk yet, so I am afraid that I shall be useless, as far as cricket goes, all this season. If possible, I shall try and see the match. I think father will drive me over.

Yours sincerely,
(———).

From a little Boy at school, to his Grandpapa, thanking him for a hamper.

Melbourne House, Windsor,
October 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANDPAPA,—Thank you so much for the splendid hamper you so kindly sent me. I was delighted when I received it. It was very kind of you to think of sending it. All the boys said what a kind grandpapa you must be. And I am sure they were right. Everything was delicious! and thank you so much for the money to buy the fireworks for Guy Fawkes day.

I am,
My dear grandpapa,
Your affectionate grandson,
(———).

From a little Girl asking her Papa to let her learn to ride.

Woodside, Sydenham,
May 7th, 18—.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I am most anxious to learn to ride: mamma says she will not allow me to do so, until I have written to ask you, and received an answer giving me leave.

My cousins and Aunt Jane ride every day, and Aunt Jane says that her coachman has taught all her children, and she thinks you would like him to teach me. Mamma

wishes me to say that if you have no objection she would like me to learn. I trust, dear papa, that I shall have a letter from you by return of post giving me permission, and then I shall begin my lessons at once.

Mamma sends her best love, and pray accept mine, and believe me,

My dear papa,
Your loving little daughter,
(————).

From a little Boy in London to his Sister in the country.

Hyde Park Place,
Hyde Park, W.,
July 4th, 18—.

MY DEAR HETTY,—I hope I shall soon receive a letter from you; I am longing to hear how you like staying at Uncle John's country house. I should think it must be very nice there, for he and Aunt Jane are always so kind, and Cuthbert and Annie are such fun, that you must be merry, I am sure.

I only wish I was with you to have a game in the delicious cool green fields. Tell me when you write, if the haymaking is going on now, and if you are helping to make the hay. I am looking forward anxiously to the time when I shall join you with papa and mamma. London is very hot and dusty, and we shall all be glad to leave it. The park still looks very pretty at a little distance, but the leaves on the trees are beginning to curl up with the heat.

You will be glad to hear that little Topsy is quite well; I take her out for a run every day before the sun gets very hot. Your goldfinch, too, is well; I clean its cage and give it fresh food and water every day.

Mamma says that I may enclose this in her letter to you which she has just finished.

With my best love, dearest Hetty,
Believe me, your affectionate brother,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Freelands,
July 7th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRED,—I was so glad to get your letter; it would, indeed, be delightful if you were here, but as you are soon coming we must be content to wait just a little while, though I am counting the days until I see you and dear mamma and papa again.

As you suppose, I am very happy here. Aunt Jane and Uncle John are kindness itself, and Cuthbert and Annie are as merry as ever.

The hay is all in now, but the day after I came down here we had great fun in the hay-field. How I wish you had been here! We made the hay, and we tumbled in the hay, and buried one another, and then had tea out in the field under one of the large trees.

This is a beautiful house, standing at the top, nearly, of a hill; out of some of the windows one can see for many miles. Every one says the view is beautiful. The garden is so pretty, too, and the farm-yard is filled with every sort of creature that ought to be kept in such a place. There are some sweet white pigeons that fly down when you call them, and eat out of your hand, or perch upon your shoulder. There are several dogs, some large, and some small, and all great darlings.

Aunt Jane has a pony-carriage, with a pair of lovely little black ponies, and Cuthbert has a larger pony to ride. There are horses besides. Sometimes Annie and I each

ride one of Aunt Jane's ponies, and Cuthbert his own, and we make delightful expeditions about the country, with Coleman, the coachman, to look after us.

I am just going out for a ride now, so I will finish my letter. Give my best love to dearest mamma and papa, and with the same to yourself,

I am, my dear Fred,
Your loving sister,
(————).

From a little Boy to a Friend, describing a visit to the Zoological Gardens.

Brunswick Gardens,
Kensington, W.,
October, 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I am enjoying my visit to London very much ; grandmamma is so kind, and takes me to see all sorts of interesting sights. Last Thursday she took me to the Zoological Gardens, and I can hardly describe to you how surprised and delighted I was. We arrived there at about two o'clock, as we dined rather earlier than usual, so that we might have a couple of hours daylight while we were in the gardens. These gardens are very pretty in the summer, grandmamma tells me, for they are then filled with bright flower beds, on each side of the walks.

We first visited the bears and hyænas, and the keeper made one of these strange creatures laugh ; I cannot tell you how funny it was to hear it, the sound was loud and shrill, and seemed just as if some one was laughing until they could not stop. People flocked from all parts of the gardens to the hyæna's cage. We took a look at the poor old white bear, whose wife died not very long ago, and then we went to see the lions and tigers in their splendid new house.

The lions looked so sleepy and good-natured that I did not at first feel at all afraid of them, but presently one

began to roar, and, opening his huge mouth, made such a terrible noise, that I really trembled and squeezed grandmamma's hand until, I am afraid, I hurt her. We saw the tigers fed, and it was horrible to see them tearing their food. They are splendid fellows though, and their beautiful striped coats look as soft as satin.

We were met in the walks by two great elephants carrying a number of children on their backs, and I had a ride on one, which I liked very much. It was rather like being in a boat though, when the sea is a little rough.

We saw the camels, and some very pretty deer, a number of large birds, eagles, and different kinds of vultures, and then we went through a tunnel under the road to a part of the garden where the snakes are kept.

We did not stay long in the reptile-house, for grandmamma did not like looking at the ugly creeping things which live there. I thought the great snakes—*Pythons*, they are called—were very handsome, but the faces of all the snakes looked very wicked to me.

After this we saw a number of beautiful parrots, these made a dreadful noise! Then we saw the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus, and then we left the gardens. When I see you I will tell you more, but I think you will be quite tired with this long letter. I hope you will write to me soon, and believe me,

Dear Herbert,
Yours sincerely,
(———).

Answer to the above.

Fairleigh, Devon,
October 22nd, 18—.

MY DEAR CYRIL,—Your letter was very interesting to me, and, indeed, anything but too long. What a delightful place the Zoological Gardens must be! I shall certainly

beg my aunt to take me there when I go to London next Spring.

I can fancy that the sound of a lion's roar must be terrible, but still I have a great longing to hear it. Do write to me again, and tell me more about the animals, and any other sights you may have seen in London.

I shall be so glad when you return home, that we may enjoy some games together. Pray let me know when you are coming back.

I am,
Dear Cyril,
Yours sincerely,
(————).

From a little Girl to a Friend, describing her eldest Sister's wedding.

Palace Gardens Terrace,
Kensington, W.,
January 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR ADA,—You have asked me to write and tell you all about Nelly's wedding as soon as it was over. Well, as you know, it took place on the 10th, only three days ago, so I have not lost much time in writing to you.

I must begin at the beginning, and tell you that Maurice and I were awakened before it was light, by the noise of the men putting up the awning over the hall-door. You cannot think what a noise they made, hammering away with all their might. Of course we did not go to sleep again, but jumped up, and waking nurse were soon dressed, and ready to wander about from room to room and see how every one was getting on. We found mamma up and dressed, though papa was still asleep. Nelly and Eva were soon down in the school-room, where we had prayers and breakfast, for all the other rooms downstairs were

soon occupied by the people putting out tables and making arrangements for the wedding breakfast.

Although in the middle of the winter, it was really a lovely morning by eleven o'clock, the sun was shining as brightly as possible, and it did not feel a bit cold. By this time we were all nearly dressed, for we had to be at the church at a quarter to twelve.

Nelly looked perfectly lovely! She wore a plain white satin dress without lace upon it, such as some brides wear, and she had a long tulle veil trimmed with swan's down; a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms and splendid diamond earrings and brooch.

We were six bridesmaids, two quite grown up, Eva and our Cousin Milly, two of about twelve, Cissy, and her great friend, Norah Monroe—and two little ones, as they called us—although I am nearly ten, and May Drummond is almost eleven. We all wore cream-coloured dresses and cream plush hats, with broad cardinal sashes and cardinal stockings; and we all had beautiful bouquets, sent us by Fred—Nelly's husband, you know. Nelly's bouquet was very large, and entirely made of white flowers, the perfume from which was delicious.

The church was full when we got there, and we waited some way down the middle aisle for the bride, who arrived after we did, and walked up to the altar arm-in-arm with papa. (Mamma arrived a little earlier), the bridesmaids followed close to the bride, walking two and two. And then we stood, and knelt upon the altar-steps—during the service—behind the bride; Eva, as principal bridesmaid, holding Nelly's gloves and bouquet.

After the service a great many of the people went into the vestry to sign the register, but we did not. Presently the bride came out with Fred, and they walked down the aisle together, and getting into Fred's carriage at the church door, came home before any of the other people.

Then came the breakfast, and all the speeches, and then Nelly hurried upstairs to change her dress, and at three o'clock she and Fred started off to Folkestone on their way abroad.

Nelly wore a dark blue cashmere and velvet dress, a bonnet to match, and a long sealskin jacket. She looked lovely! They drove off in a shower of rice and old shoes, one of which stuck on the top of the carriage, and remained there till they arrived at Charing Cross station.

Now, my dear Ada, I think I have told you all about the wedding, so with my best love I will finish my letter; and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Morley Grange,
Near Newport, Bucks,
January 22nd, 18—.

MY DEAR MARY,—How pleased I was to receive your nice long letter telling me about the wedding. I wish we had been in town that I might have seen it. Dear Nelly! I am sure she looked beautiful! I think your bridesmaid dresses must have been very pretty!

I was bridesmaid a few months ago, to my Cousin Bertha, whom I think you remember seeing here, she was married in the country and it was a very pretty wedding. As it was warm weather, the bridesmaids all wore wreaths and tulle veils, and pale pink and pale blue dresses. We were eight bridesmaids, four in pink and four in blue. The village children threw flowers in front of the bride as she walked up the churchyard path; and I cannot tell you how pretty it was to see the dear little children, all looking so bright and clean and nicely-dressed, scattering the bright flowers at her feet out of little baskets as she walked along,

I hope I shall soon hear from you again, dear Mary, and with much love, believe me,

Your affectionate friend,
(————).

From a little Boy to his Uncle, thanking him for the present of a dog.

The Rectory, Penstone,
May 14th, 18—.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I cannot tell you how delighted I was when the dear little dog arrived. Thank you so much for it. I shall, of course, call him by the name of Jet, which you gave him, and which is a very appropriate one, I think, as his coat is so black and shining. I already love him dearly, and hope that he will soon become fond of me.

As he is so small, mamma allows him to live in the house; and I can assure you he has already made himself quite at home and happy with us.

He is so gentle and winning, that he has made friends with the servants, who one and all declare that they never saw such a sweet little dog before.

Again thanking you very much, my dear uncle,

I am, with much love,
Your affectionate little nephew,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Brother at school, describing a children's fancy dress ball.

Eaton Square, Belgravia,
February 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR EDDY,—I know you are always anxious to be told all the home news, so I think you will be pleased at my writing to describe to you the children's fancy ball

that Aunt Edith gave last week. Maurice and I went to it, and we enjoyed it thoroughly. Maurice just wore his little white man-o'-war's suit, and I was dressed as Little Red Riding-hood; so that we were not very remarkable characters. But if you had only seen some of the children! Every possible character you can imagine was represented in miniature. There were little soldiers as well as sailors, little judges, little bishops, little Turks, and little niggers!

There was one pretty little girl of about my age, who was dressed as Joan of Arc, her armour was all made of card-board covered with silver paper, and you cannot think how beautifully it was done, it looked just like real armour, and fancy! the little girl told me that her mamma had made it all! How clever that lady must be!

We went to the ball at seven, and came away at twelve. We danced a great deal, but first there was a ventriloquist who made two funny dolls talk in the most laughable way.

One little Jack tar danced the sailor's hornpipe; he was quite a little fellow, and yet you can have no idea how well he did it. And he kept it up for such a long time, too. I only wish you had been there to see him.

I have not time to tell you any more about it, as I must now prepare my lessons for to-morrow. You have not written to me for some time, so I hope, dear Eddy, that I shall soon receive an answer to this letter.

With best love, I am,
Your loving sister,
(————).

Answer to the above.

The Stone House,
Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent,
March 2nd, 18—.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—It was very good of you to write and tell me about the fancy ball, for I already owed you a

letter, but I must excuse myself for not writing, by telling you that I really have scarcely any time to spare. We work very hard for a good many hours a day, and then there are so many games in which I join, on the half-holidays, that I have not been able to find time to write to my kind little sister. Forgive me, dear, and send me another nice long letter as soon as possible.

We are going to have a game at football this afternoon, so I cannot write more.

I am,
My dear Ethel,
Your affectionate brother,
(————).

From a little Girl to a Friend, asking her to come and help to make some things for a bazaar.

Chester Place,
Belgrave Square,
April 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR JANE,—I am very busy working at some little fancy things for the bazaar which is to be held at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, in aid of the Cheyne Walk Hospital for Children. I should be so glad if you could come and help me!

I have a half-holiday every Saturday, and as I know that you also have one on that day, I think it would be very nice if you would ask your mamma to allow you to come to us, and we could then spend each Saturday afternoon together, and employ our time in working for the bazaar.

Pray try to have it arranged so, and

Believe me, dear Jane,
Your loving friend,
(————).

Answer (1) *accepting.*

Chester Place,
Belgrave Square,
April 5th, 18—.

MY DEAR LILY,—I shall be delighted to join you in your work for the bazaar, and I will not fail to come to your house next Saturday afternoon, to help you. Mamma gladly gives her permission as she very much approves of the plan.

I am, dear Lily,
Your loving friend,
(————).

Answer (2) *declining.*

Chester Place,
Belgrave Square,
April 5th, 18—.

DEAR LILY,—I am very sorry that I cannot come and help you in your work for the bazaar, but I have already promised to devote my Saturday half-holidays to another friend who has working parties on that day. Pray believe how much I regret that I cannot be of use to you, and

Believe me, dear Lily,
Your loving friend,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Grandpapa asking him for his Photograph.

Belgrave Road,
Pimlico, S.W.,
May 2nd, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANDPAPA,—Mamma has made me a present of a photographic album, and I should so much like to begin the album with your photograph.

It will be very kind of you, dear grandpapa, if you will give me one. I shall value it more than I can tell you. I have seen a very good photograph of you at Aunt Jane's, and should be very glad if you would give me one like it.

With much love,
I remain, dear grandpapa,
Your affectionate grandchild,
(————).

An invitation from one little Boy to another to spend part of the Christmas holidays with him.

Rutland Gate,
Hyde Park, S.W.,
December 30th, 18—.

MY DEAR MYLES,—I write to beg of you to ask your mamma kindly to allow you to come and spend part of the Christmas holidays with us. Mother desires me to tell you that you are to say she will take the greatest care of you in every way. I am sure you would enjoy your visit to us, for father intends to take us to both the great pantomimes which are going on this Christmas, and also to Hengler's Circus, and I remember you told me you had never been to a pantomime or circus.

The round pond in Kensington Gardens is frozen over, and the Serpentine too; if you bring your skates we shall have some good fun on the ice. It is thought that the frost will continue. I am sure I hope it will.

Mother says that she shall expect you before the 4th prox., as we are going to have our Christmas tree on that day, and a clever conjurer is to perform some tricks on the same evening.

We all join in wishing you, and all at Staplehurst, a Happy New Year. I enclose New Year cards, and

Believe me,
My dear Myles,
Yours most sincerely,
(———).

Answer (1) *accepting.*

Staplehurst,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent,
January 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR TOM,—Thank you so much for your kind invitation to spend part of the Christmas holidays with you, and pray give Mrs. Grayling my mother's love, and best thanks for kindly asking me. I shall be delighted to come to you, and will be at your house at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Uncle Henry is coming up with me from Tunbridge Wells by a morning train. I am to lunch at his house, and then come on to you.

I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the pantomimes and circus; and, indeed, to the whole of my visit.

We have had some good skating down here, but you know I am not very clever at it, for I have only just begun.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year,

I am, dear Tom,
Your sincere friend,
(———).

Answer (2) *declining.*

Staplehurst,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent,
January 1st, 18—.

MY DEAR TOM,—I cannot tell you how sorry I am to be obliged to refuse your very kind invitation, but we have our house full of guests, and are likely to have it so until the end of the holidays. As there are a good many boys staying here, I am of course wanted at home just now, or I should have been delighted to spend part of the holidays with you, as you so kindly asked me.

I am, dear Tom,
Yours most sincerely,
(———).

From a little Girl asking if she left her work-basket at a friend's house.

Bedford Gardens,
Kensington, W.,
March 14th, 18—.

DEAR CISSY,—I think I must have left my little work-basket at your house last week, when I was spending the day with you. If you remember, I had my knitting in it Please send it back to me by the bearer if you can find it. If you cannot, I fear I must have dropped it on my way home.

I am, dear Cissy,
Your affectionate friend,
(———).

Answer (1) *in affirmative.*

Phillimore Gardens,
Kensington, W.,
March 14th, 18—.

DEAR ALICE,—I am glad to say your knitting-basket is quite safe, and I now return it to you by the bearer. I was intending to bring it to you myself, this afternoon, if you had not sent for it.

I Believe me, dear Alice,
Your loving friend,
(————).

Answer (2) *in the negative.*

Phillimore Gardens,
Kensington, W.,
March 14th, 18—.

DEAR ALICE,—I am so sorry, but we cannot find your little work-basket anywhere. I fear you must have dropped it as you walked home the other day; though there is a chance of your finding it, perhaps, at home. I hope so.

Do write me a line and let me know if you have found it.

I am, dear Alice,
Your affectionate friend,
(————).

From a little Boy to his Uncle on first going to the sea-side.

Sea View Cottage,
Eastbourne,
April 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR UNCLE GEORGE,—You told me to be sure and write to you directly I got to Eastbourne, as you wanted to know what I thought of the sea. I can scarcely tell you what my thoughts about it are. It frightens me! It is so

grand, and so terrible! We can see it from our windows, and we are close to the beach, so we hear the noise of its roar and the crash of the waves all day and night. These two days that we have been here, the wind has been very high, and the sea terribly rough: much rougher than usual, mamma tells me, so you see my first view of the sea has made me feel frightened.

Mamma says that very likely in a few days the sea may be quite calm, the waves hardly to be seen, and instead of the loud roar, just a gentle murmur will be the only sound to be heard from it. I think I shall like it much better then; at present I can scarely imagine anything more fearful than going close to it, and the idea of going on it, or in it, is too horrible to think of. Still I watch it constantly from the window, and feel how beautiful as well as dreadful it is.

There are plenty of donkeys for me to ride here, but the wind has been too high for me to go out yet.

Mamma sends her best love to you, and so do I.

Ever, dear Uncle George,

Your most affectionate nephew,

(———).

From a little Girl inviting a Friend to take part in some Theatricals.

Eaton Square, Belgravia,
October 9th, 18—.

MY DEAR ROSE,—I hope that you will be able to persuade your mamma to allow you to take part in some theatricals which we are going to have this Christmas. We are going to act "Blue Beard," and are most anxious that you should take the part of Fatima. I am sure you would act it to perfection, and it would be great fun having all the rehearsals. I should act Sister Ann. Pray write me an answer very quickly, telling me that you will take the part,

and I will then let you know when we are to have our first rehearsal.

I am, my dear Rose,
Your very affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer (1) *accepting.*

Chester Square, Belgravia,
October 9th, 18—.

MY DEAR AMY,—I have asked mamma to allow me to take part in your theatricals, and I am glad to be able to tell you that she says she will be very happy to let me do so. I am quite delighted at the idea, but cannot help feeling a little nervous at the same time, for you know I have never acted before, so do not you think that it would be better if I took a less important part than that of Fatima? However, of course it shall be as you like, only I am so afraid of spoiling the part. I shall, of course, be delighted to come to the rehearsals if you will let me know when they are to be.

I am, my dear Amy,
Your affectionate friend,
(————).

Answer (2) *declining.*

Chester Square, Belgravia,
October 9th, 18—.

MY DEAR AMY,—I am very sorry to tell you that I shall not be able to take part in your theatricals, as we are going out of town next week, and shall not return until after Christmas.

I am so sorry, for I am sure I should have enjoyed acting very much, and the rehearsals would have been

delightful. I only hope that my being unable to take the part may not inconvenience you. I think it will not, for I am sure you will easily find some one who can act better than I should.

With love, I am,
My dear Amy,
Yours affectionately,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Aunt, accepting an invitation to stay with her.

Fairholt, Farnboro', Hants,
December 15th, 18—.

MY DEAR AUNT MARY,—How kind of you to ask me to stay with you after Christmas, it will indeed be delightful! Mamma says, with her best love, that she can quite well spare me to you for a week or two.

I am anxiously looking forward to the pantomime, for, as you know, I have never been to one; but more than all, Auntie dear, I am looking forward to seeing you again.

With much love from us all,
Ever your loving little niece,
(————).

From a little Boy to his Grandpapa, telling him how he saw a beautiful sunrise.

Brierley, Edenbridge, Kent,
September 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR GRANDPAPA,—You have told me that you very much like to have a letter from me when I have anything particular to tell you. Now I think I have something very particular to write about which you will like to hear.

Last Tuesday I made one in an expedition with several

other boys to see the sunrise at the top of the hill where the Roman camp is. We started at four o'clock in the morning. Mamma sent me in the waggonette as far as the cross roads, which was our meeting-place. I got up at *three*, had some bread and butter and a cup of cocoa, and then, well rolled up in all sorts of wraps—for it was a cold morning, and pitch dark—off I started in the waggonette. At four o'clock we reached the cross roads, where I found two or three of the other boys had already arrived. I got out of the waggonette, and taking out the basket of bread and butter, eggs and things—one of which each boy carried for the breakfast we were to eat on the top of the hill—I remained with the two or three boys already there, waiting for the rest. Presently they joined us, and off we all set, walking across country to the Roman encampment. It was such fun! we had a great kettle, and two boys at a time took it in turns to carry it. (We were eight altogether.) It was dreadfully dark still, and we had all sorts of tumbles and scrambles before we got to the top of the hill. However, at last we reached it, and as there was now a faint gleam of grey light we were able to see enough to collect some sticks, to which we set light, and then hanging our kettle over it in true gipsy fashion we boiled the water for our tea. Then we boiled some eggs, and made ourselves comfortable on our shawls and things, to eat our breakfast. Just then the sun rose! The light in the East had been getting stronger every minute while we were cooking our breakfast, and now some little white clouds in the sky turned pink, and then a bright golden flash shone up from as far as we could see, and then the whole world grew light and bright, and the sun was shining in our faces. It was so beautiful! I had never been to see the sun-rise here before, but the others, who were all older than me, had been for two years before, on the same day of the month, to see it, and they said this was the most beautiful one of all.

We made a capital breakfast, and down we came homewards. I was rather tired during the rest of the day, but mother sent me to bed earlier that evening, and I was not a bit the worse for our expedition the next morning.

I hope, my dear grandpapa, that you will soon answer this letter, and tell me if I have improved in my writing. I have taken great pains to make my letters legible.

With best love from us all,

Ever, dear grandpapa,

Your affectionate grandson,

(————).

From a little Girl to her Cousin, telling her of a present of a kitten that has been made to her.

Essex Villas, Kensington, W.,
April 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR NELLY,—What do you think? I have had a present made to me of a dear little fluffy kitten; it is quite black, and has the prettiest little face in the world. The lady who lives next door to us, and who is a friend of mamma's, gave this sweet little pussy to me. She has several long-haired cats, and there are three more little kittens, but mine is the only black one amongst them all. I hope you will be able to come and spend the day with me soon, and then you shall see it.

I am, dear Nelly,

Your loving cousin,

(————).

Answer to above.

Melbury Road, Kensington, W.,
April 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR EFFIE,—What a darling your little kitten must be! I should very much like to see it. Mamma is

going to call on Aunt Jane to-morrow, and as it is a half-holiday she will bring me with her, and then I shall be able to judge of your new pet's beauty.

How I wish I had one of the other little kittens that you tell me of. You know my dear little tabby died. Do you think that your little Kitty's brothers or sisters are to be given away? Mamma says I may have one if they are.

With best love I am,
Dearest Effie,
Your loving cousin,
(————).

———

From a little Boy, who has had the present of a Magic Lantern made to him, to another little Boy.

Kensington Gardens Terrace,
Bayswater, W.,
Friday.

DEAR ALFRED,—Uncle John came to see us yesterday, and he was so kind as to bring me a magic lantern. It is such a nice one! Was it not good of him? There are a hundred slides to it; the history of Jack the Giant Killer, Cinderella, Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, and Old Mother Hubbard, besides a number of beautiful landscapes and other pictures.

Do try and come and spend the day with me to-morrow, and then we can show it off together to papa and mamma; this will be a sort of rehearsal, and a few days later I am to have a party of little friends, and then we will show the magic lantern again.

There is one very funny moveable slide of Jumbo, the elephant; he turns head over heels in the most ridiculous *way.*

Mind you come on Saturday, and
Believe me, dear Alfred,
Yours sincerely,
(————).

Answer to the foregoing.

Inverness Terrace,
Bayswater, W.,
Friday.

DEAR TED,—I have got permission from mother to spend the afternoon with you to-morrow, and I shall be delighted to do so. How kind of your Uncle John to give you such a capital magic lantern, and what fun it will be to show it off.

I shall be with you to-morrow at about three o'clock, and as it gets dark now before five we shall just be able to make all our preparations before the time at which I suppose the performance will begin.

I am, dear Ted,
Your sincere friend,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Papa, sending him a pair of Knitted Socks on his Birthday.

Belgrave Road,
Pimlico, S.W.,
Thursday.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I wish you many, many happy returns of the day. I hope you will like the pair of socks I am now sending down to your room. I have knitted them all myself; I have taken great pains to make them what I

think is your exact size. If you like them I shall be so glad if you will let me make you some more.

With best love,

Your most affectionate little girl,

(————).

From a little Boy, during the Midsummer Holidays, to a school-fellow, telling him how he went out Fishing.

Dinglemere, Berks,
July 20th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRED,—I hope you are enjoying your holidays. You will be glad to hear that I am having great fun. Yesterday we had a picnic party to a large lake near here, called Caldron Pond. Some of us drove and others rode to a wood close to the pond, and there we had luncheon, and then divided into different parties, some for sketching, but most of us for fishing. Papa and Dick and Walter and I set off together, and took possession of a quiet nook in the shade, and soon dropped our lines into the pond. We caught a number of small fish, and father caught a large pike.

One small fish I caught wriggled so as I took it off the hook that it got away and dropped, not back into the pond, unlucky little wretch! but into a large crack in the ground; it fell so far down that I could not recover it, and so it must have perished miserably, of no use to any one.

At five we boiled our kettles, gipsy fashion, and had tea, fished a little more, and then went home in the cool of the evening.

I have had some splendid games at cricket these holidays, and plenty of tennis. Do write and tell me how you have been amusing yourself, and believe me,

My dear Fred,

Yours sincerely,

(————).

Answer to above.

Colston House,
Camberton, Hants,
July 28th, 18—.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I am, indeed, very pleased to hear that you are enjoying your holidays so much. I am also spending a very happy time, and am only too sorry to think that the holidays will soon be over.

I have not had much fishing, but I have spent a good deal of my time in riding, cricketing, and tennis-playing. We have two very good courts, and several of my friends are very fond of it. On hot days we have begun as early as five o'clock in the morning, and played nearly all day, only leaving off to eat and rest a little in the very hottest part of the day.

I wish you could have spent part of these holidays here. I know how fond you are of tennis, and how well you play; we could have spent many a pleasant hour together.

Let me know if you are going to stay in London on your way back to school. I am going to town to-morrow to stay for a few days with my Aunt Mary, in Clarges Street, on my way, so please direct there.

I am, dear Frank,
Yours very sincerely,
(————).

From a little Girl to her Brother at School, giving him news of the Pet Animals at Home.

The Hurst,
Westall Common, Kent,
October 30th, 18—.

MY DEAR ALEC,—Before you left home you told me to be sure and write to you at least once in the term, giving you a full account of all the pets. So this letter is really to

be devoted to them. First I will begin with the noblest animal—as I suppose we ought to consider the horse—though I do not like to rank horses before the dear dogs, so we will say I begin with the *largest*, and that is Sindbad, your pony. He is very well, and very fresh, eating his head off, as William the coachman says. I often ride him though, and so try to keep him exercised. Fresh as he is he goes beautifully, with the easiest paces, the same as ever; he is looking lovely, too, his chestnut coat shining like the smoothest satin.

Next comes dear old Dan, who is as gentle and lovable as ever, but begins to show signs of rheumatism in his hind legs, and now that the mornings and evenings are cold, is later in leaving his kennel, and earlier in seeking it, than he ever was before. He looks at me so wistfully out of his dear affectionate eyes, that I often fancy he is asking me, in his dumb fashion, where you are. You remember the dear old dog always loved you better than anybody. How glad he will be when the Christmas holidays come.

Then I am sure you will be anxious to hear about the old cockatoo; he is as funny and tame as ever; he perches on the back of papa's chair at dinner, and eats choice morsels from his hand as usual; he, too, misses you, for he often looks curiously round the room, puts up his top-knot, flaps his wings, and calls "Alec" in a loud voice.

All the pets are well except little Topsy; she has a dreadful cough, and it is quite sad to see the poor little pug fall over on her side in some of her violent fits of coughing. She picks her fat little self up again, however, and curling her tail tighter than ever, determines to make the best of things.

Whisky, the terrier puppy, has grown a good deal since you left, and Tabs has three of the most lovely little kittens you can imagine, one of which is to be my own particular property. The rabbits are all flourishing, and the tortoise has hidden himself away for the winter.

Now, my dear Alec, I think I have given you a very lengthy account of the pets. Mamma has just finished her letter, in which I am to enclose mine, so, with best love, I am ever,

My dear brother,
Your loving sister,
(————).

Answer to the above.

Hatherley, House, Brighton,
Novber. 7th, 18—.

MY DEAR MABEL,—I thank you for your nice letter, enclosed in mother's, telling me all the news about the animals. I am longing to see them again.

We had great fun here on the 5th. I wish you could have seen it. I never saw such a splendid bonfire, and such a lot of fireworks. We made a tremendous big Guy Fawkes, and burnt it in the bonfire.

Write to me again before I come home, and believe me, my dear Mabel,

Your affectionate brother,
(————).

From a little Girl, enclosing her Photograph, to her Governess.

Warwick Square,
Pimlico, S.W.,
December 28th, 18—.

MY DEAR MISS JOHNSTONE,—The week before Christmas mamma had my photograph taken. A few have been sent home to-day, and I now enclose you one, as I remember you said you would like to have a photo of me if I had it taken.

I thank you very much indeed for the lovely Christma card you sent me. I had a great number, but I do nc think any were so pretty as yours.

With love and best wishes for a Happy New Year, whe it comes,

Believe me,

My dear Miss Johnstone,

Your affectionate pupil,

(———).

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